5-201

9

A GARLAND OF NEW SONGS.

The Country Club
The Chandler's Shop
Paddy M'Shane's Seven Ages.

Newcastle upon Tyne:
Printed by J. Marshall, in the Old Flesh-Market.
Where may also be had, a large and curious Assortment of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.

The Country Club.

NOW we're all met here together,
In ſpite of wind and weather,
To moiſten well our clay;
Before we think of jogging,
Let's take a cheerful noggin,
Where's the waiter? ring away!
Bring the glees and the catches,
The tobacco pipes and matches,
And plenty of brown ſtout;
Yet the glaſſes, ere we ſtart 'em,
Let's proceed ſecundum artem,
Let the clerk all the names read out.

Gentlemen of the Quizzical Society, pleaſe to anſwer to your names—Farmer Scroggins: Why I be here. Dr. Horſeleach: Here. Parſon Paunch: Here. Taylor Hit: Here. So he goes on for about twenty. At laſt, you hear, Are you all aſſembled? All, all, all, all.

So here's to you, miſter Wiggins;
Here's to you, maſter Figgins;
So put the beer about.
Come tell us what the news is,
Who wins, ſir, and who loſes,
Of the times what do people ſay?
Hard, hard the landlord racks us,
Then we've ſuch a load of taxes.
Indeed! well, and how goes hay?
Why now there's maſter Wiſeman,

He told the exciſeman,
That the cauſe of this pother and rout—
Order, order and ſobriety,
The rules of the ſociety,
Let the ſecretary read 'em out.

Every member of this ſociety that ſpills his liquor in his neighbour's pocket, ſhall forfeit two-pence. Every member of this ſociety that ſinges his neighbour's wig with his pipe, ſhall forfeit two-pence. Every member of this ſociety that refuſes to laugh at a good joke, ſhall forfeit two-pence. Every member of this ſociety who reproaches his neighbour with coming to diſtreſs by unavoidable misfortunes, ſhall forfeit two-pence. Mr. Preſident, I move that this forfeit be a ſhilling; and I ſecond the motion. Are you all agreed? I am unanimouſly. A noble reſolution. D'ye think ſo? Why then

Here's to you, Mr. Figgins,
Here's to you, Mr. Wiggins,
So put the beer about.
And now the potent liquor
Not even ſpares the vicar,
But in their noddles mounts;
While among this ſet of queerers,
All talkers and no hearers,
Each his favourite tale recounts,
The ſoldier talks of battle,
The grazier ſells his cattle,
Converſation to provoke;

Till the juice of the barrel,
Begets ſome curious quarrel,
While the company's loſt in ſmoke.

Upon my ſoul, neighbour, I had no hand in the death of your wife. It was all in the way of buſineſs. Nay, but Doctor, 'twere a curſed unneighbourly thing of you; not that the woman were any ſich great things, but to put a body to ſich an expence.—Why you don't tell me ſo! killed fifteen with your own hand! Fifteen, by my laurels! D'ye hear that, butcher? Hear it, yes; but I'll lay an what he dares he has not killed ſo many as I have by hundreds—Powder my whiſkers! Come, come, gentlemen, ſays the bellows-maker, no breezes? Let me exhort you to temperance, ſays the parſon. Amen, ſays the clark.—That's right, ſays the undertaker, let us bury all animoſity. Now that's what I like, ſaid the fidler, I like to ſee harmony reſtored. D'ye, though? you like to ſee harmony reſtored—why then

Here's to you, Mr. Figgins,
Here's to you, Mr. Wiggins.
So puſh the beer about.

The Chandler's Shop.

THEY call me ſmirking Bobby,
With the women I'm a hobby,
Which you'll find as I go on;
My buſineſs to reveal, ſir,
In chandlery I deal, ſir,
Cramming fifty trades in one.

You've heard of politicians,
With their meetings and petitions,
Whoſe tongues the deuce can't ſtop,
But take 'em, great and ſmall, ſir,
I'll produce the beſt of all, ſir,
Though in a chandler's ſhop.

Mr. What's-your name? I want a two-penny loaf. Have you heard the news? Five thouſand killed, they ſay. Weigh me a quartern of cheeſe. What's the Emperor of Ruſſia about, I wonder? A ha'p'orth of tobacco.—(Another voice) Well, let things go as they will, we'll be maſters of the ſea. Draw me half a pint of ſmall beer.

So my cuſtomers I pleaſe, ſir,
With politics and cheeſe, ſir,
While I gaily ſerve them out.
My cuſtomers are various,
And my dealings multifarious,
Every article and hue:
Red herrings without lack, ſir,
Whit'ning, coals, and iv'ry black, ſir,
Yellow ſoap, and powder blue;
Anchovies, ſcrubbing bruſhes,
Candles made of ruſhes,
Muſtard and perfume;
And mops to clean the door, ſir—
While ſome they run a ſcore, ſir,
And then they buy a broom.

Why, wife, we ſhall be ruined!—My book is full, I declare! Won't do to give ſuch large credit—Let me ſee, here's a penn'orth of needles, and three-ha'p'orth of pickled cabbage, to the tailor; a red-herring to the ſoldier, two-penn'orth of ſtarch to the quaker, and a penn'orth of fuller's earth to the lawyer—(that was to take the ſtains out of his conſcience, I ſuppoſe.)

But though ſome debts are owing,
Still I keep my trade a-going,
While I gaily ſerve them out.

For butter eggs, and bacon,
Their money while I'm taking,
I pleaſe them with ſmall talk.
Pepper, ſalt, and cabbage pickle,
Farthing rods, the rump to tickle,
Starch, vinegar, and chalk.

The ſervant-maids, ſo pretty,
All pronounce me very witty;
I pleaſe them well enough:
Old women, too, all praiſe me,
Tho' their goſſiping delays me,
When they come to buy their ſnuff.

What for you, Mrs. Thingummy? A ruſh-light, if you pleaſe. How's your huſband, ma'am? Very bad; he won't live the night over, I'am afraid. Who minds his buſineſs now? John, our apprentice; he's very clever at my huſband's buſineſs. Ah, Betty! what for you, Betty? A bunch of matches. I heard

you was going to be married, Betty? Pſha! hold your fooliſh nonſenſe, do. Is Molly gone away? Yes! Very odd, isn't it? Yes; there's ſomething myſterus in it; but it will all come out in time.

So we knock about the ſcandal,
Bread and cheeſe, and farthing candle,
While I gaily ſerve them out.

Paddy M'Shane's Seven Ages.

IF my own botheration don't alter my plan,
I'll ſing ſeven lines of a tight Iriſh-man,
Wrote by old Billy Shakeſpear of Ballyporeen.
He ſaid, while a babe I lov'd whiſkey and pap,
That I mewled and puked in my godmother's lap;
She joulted me hard, juſt to huſh my ſweet roar,
When I ſlipt thro' her fingers down whack on the floor;
What a ſqualling I made, ſure, at Ballyporeen.

When I grew up a boy, with a nice ſhining face,
With my bag at my back, and a ſnail-crawlingpace,
Went to ſchool at old Thwackum's, at Ballyporeen:
His wig was ſo fuſty, his birch was my dread,
He learning beat out 'ſtead of into my head.
Maſter M'Shane, ſays he, you're a great dirty dolt,
You've got no more brains than a Monnaghan colt;
You're not fit for our college at Ballyporeen.

When eighteen years of age, was teazed and perplex
To know what I ſhould be, ſo a lover turn'd next,
And courted ſweet Sheiah of Ballyporeen:

I thought I'd juſt take her, to comfort my life,
Not knowing that ſhe was already a wife;
She aſk'd me juſt once that to ſee her I'd come,
When I found her ten children and huſband at home,
A great big whacking chairman of Ballyporeen.

I next turned a ſoldier, I did not like that,
So turn'd ſervant, and liv'd with the great Juſtice Pat,
A big dealer in p'ratees at Ballyporeen:
With turtle and ven'ſon he lin'd his inſide,
Ate ſo many fat capons, that one day he died;
So great was my grief, that to keep my ſpirits up,
Of ſome nice whiſkey cordial I took a big ſup
To my maſter's ſafe journey from Ballyporeen.

Kick'd and toſs'd ſo about, like a weathercock vane,
I pack'd up my alls, and I went back again
To my grandfather's cottage at Ballyporeen.
I found him, poor ſoul, with no legs for his hoſe,
Could not ſee though the ſpectacles put on his noſe;
With no teeth in his head, ſo death cock'd up his chin;
He ſlipp'd out of his ſlippers, and faith I ſlipp'd in,
And ſucceeded poor Dennis of Ballyporeen.

FINIS.